THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

ANSWER TO "I GIVE THEE UP."

Published in the Fox of the 19th instant.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"I GIVE THEE UP." Was it for this
That I so long and fondly loved?
Was it to win these heartless vows?—
That I have constant ever proved?
Was it then that love grew cold,
That I might drink the bitter cup,
And hear from lips that ever sang love,
The ruthless words, "I GIVE THEE UP?"

False one!—and yet, oh, cruel thought,
To rankle now upon my heart!—
If thou hadst loved, I from thy breast
Could never thus have been divorced.
Some lingering memory of the past,
Of happy moments we have seen,
Would have at least a hasty blessing, and the meed
Of tears.

But while Mr. Gordon partook of the good things set on him, and his wife discarded at large upon the topics which had interested her at society meeting, Jenny mother sat was talked. She neglected nothing prepared the tea, for father's favorite beverage, and without putting in a lump too much of sugar, or a drop too little of cream, helped the stewed apples and cut the pie with the nicest precision, so that her thoughts were evidently busy with other and far more important matters. She glanced frequently and anxiously at the tall mahogany clock, whose iron finger seemed to move with unusual rapidity, and I am not sure that she did not feel somewhat annoyed both by her step-mother's incessant gossip, and the large number of cups which Mr. Gordon swallowed during the short hour. But all things have an end, and so do an old gentleman's appetite, and an old lady's loquacity. Tea was over at last; the table was cleared away, the dishes were put set within easy reach, and in a few moments stood alone at the bottom of the garden, beneath the clear cold moon and glittering stars.

Jenny was no coward, and every inch of ground on which she had ever walked was familiar to her as her chamber, yet she trembled violently from excitement, and could scarcely suppress herself, as I saw her do, from any violent conversation, clutched the wall and came directly toward her.

Jenny," said Walter Thornton, after hearing before his companion, and clasping the hand which Jenny involuntarily extended toward him, "I was afraid you would not come, and I have been thinking before you tell you that he is alive and well in Arcadie once more. And thus introduced, Maurice Gordon sprang over the wall and clasped the hand, expected, and almost her fair face with a hundred kisses.

"I have come to-night, both to you and sooner, when words have not the power to express all we feel and Jenny in her unspeakable delight, clung to her long lost brother, and wept.

"And bless you, Jenny," said Maurice, his voice choked with emotion,—"you at least have had no cause to weep.

"Forgotten!" and Jenny raised her head from his shoulder,—"Oh, no, I have never for a moment forgotten you, Maurice. I have always prayed for you, and all Mr. Gordon being cruel to conciliate the event by a dance and supper at his own house.

The old gentleman, as I have before said, with the rich acres attached to it, was situated at some little distance from the more thickly settled parts of the village, and the quiet farmers around in view—and now as the dim twilight gathered over the landscape, hiding the blue hills which, like a heavy fence would have confined the watery prairie, the inmates of the household sat in the quiet enjoyment of an afternoon nap, while his one fair daughter, sweet little Jenny, Jenny Gordon, the only child, was seated god on all Arcadie, and the prettiest too by all odds, of Arcadie's fair sex, was extremely busy with their preparations for the approaching festivities. sooner pies came smoking from the oven, and whole broods of chickens fell victims to the knife without mercy, while the younger members of the community looked forward with no small degree of pleasure to Christmas party as home of unruly wedded pair. James Gordon having lately come into possession of a wealthy relative, and of Mr. Gordon being resolved to celebrate the event

"All of I was above ground!" asked Maurice—"I have been a poor, homeless rover, Jenny, but I have always expected to come back to the old place, if it was only to see you."

"Really my own self, and nobody else," said Jenny, remarking the absorbed hat which concealed his face.

Jenny gazed at him with astonishing eyes, as the moonlight fell upon his features.

"Oh! Maurice, you have not been altered!"

"Yes, five years makes a great difference. Walter here did not know me at first. But tell me, Jenny, do you think my father will receive me after so many years of absence and disgrace? I have grown older and wiser since I left home, and am ready to ask his forgiveness, and submit myself like a good boy to Madam Gordon too."

Jenny could not answer, for she remembered how father's words and manner but a few hours before and feared poor Maurice was not very likely to regain the favor and love he had so recklessly cast off.

"At last," said Walter Thornton, observing that she hesitated, "we must try what can be done and as Jenny says, I am sure, will I am convinced Mr. Maurice shall sup with us all on Christmas night, in his own father's house. I would go straight to the old gentleman now, but I think it best, on the whole, only he might fly into a passion, and as he would not suffer Maurice to enter his door at all, we had better wait until to-morrow, when we can think of some way by which we may smuggle him in.

"But how," asked Jenny, anxiously, "It will be almost impossible, Walter. Father will discover him."

"Oh! Maurice can be disguised."

"May be so, and may be not, too," said Walter, laughing. "As to the last, I have not settled that question yet, but we shall do it. Only do mean what I say, and don't be frightened if I should bring a Highland chief, or some other strange creature with me on Thursday night."

Jenny promised to be as composed as possible, though she thought it would be a difficult matter to comport herself, but without much success.

"But, Walter, you told me I should hear all about Maurice," she said.

"And what do you want to know, more than that I am here again, and love you as well as ever?" said Maurice, gaily. "Walter has told me all about your engagement—how James is married, and how you have promised to keep house for him one of these days, and so on. As we have all night before us, plenty of time to relate my adventures, I hope, for if I am successful with my father, I shall not leave Arcadie for some time. There was Mrs. Thornton, Walter's mother, and Miss Dorothy Thornton his maiden sister, and Jenny's cousin Miss Gordon, and old Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Gordon's particular friend, and Mrs. Thomas, and a dozen more besides. Now Jenny, I have not visited at one of them since I left Arcadie. I have been a rover, and have not been well, in high lace cape, with bright bows upon them, silk gowns and pocket handkerchiefs in their laps—and I am not handsome enough to be able to afford never to escape from the unstable habits in which the something even had placed them. Three times I was on the point of leaving my self to Mrs. Wells' care, and had their company summons, each one asked the same questions, and each remarked upon the unusually pleasant appearance of Mr. Gordon's family."

After a little time however the bride and groom arrived, with the party bridesmaid to all the intended bir array of wedding finery, white white gloves, and ribbons, and orange flowers—an important part of the bridal paraphernalia, by the way—flattered through the room, and this at once set every tongue in motion, and Mrs. James Gordon was talked at, and talked over, by all present, with amazing volubility. And now the party began to assemble in good earnest, for it is past eight. Lots of pretty girls with a few plain ones, came trippingly in, in quick across sun, attended by the latter or alone, as the case fit up rapidly, and there is a deal of talking in and rustling, where the merriest girls are now seated, and Walter not come? How strange! One and another comes to ask Jenny if anything has happened to Walter, and poor girl, is forced to say that she knows not what, "thinks he will be here soon," or "supposes he is unavoidably detained," and then turns away to hide her agitation and anxiety by some polite nonsense to her inquisitive guest.

But now there is a bustle in the hall. A faint shriek from Mrs Gordon's lady, and Mrs. Thornton's maid at all work, who has come over to assist at the party and unavoidably excites Walter Thornton, accompanied by no modern gentleman in white gloves and party "dress," but a dark, muscle-bound Indian, with his head covered with a red cap of scarlet, full pantaloon, crooked tobac, and all the necessary appointments of a son of Islam; and Jenny, overcome with joy and surprise, nearly fainted in her chair her lover, or believe that Maurice could be so completely metamorphosed. And what a sensation this unexpected arrival create. Mamma quercades are not common in Arcadie, especially such strange unexpecting as she, and while the Mahometan is gravely introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and makes a profound salute to Jenny and the young ladies, there is a low deal of wondering who it can be, and some guessing among the young men, and half suppressed screams from the different groups of young ladies, as Walter and the cause more brown remark them. "Oh, dear! don't come this way!" "Oh! the horrid creature! I'm so frightened!" are pretty much the remarks that pass with him, or I shall certainly die!" and no one, not Mr. Gordon, with a cry Will is not perfectly delighted quietly. "A young man from town, Mr. Nichols a friend of Walter's. Quite a good thought not!), to make a little fun for the young folks." break forth in fresh acts of rebellion. He refused at once to acknowledge the newcomer, as the repre sentative of his own departed mother, rejected with his father for an act, which, as he declared, must deprive Jenny of her rights, and was so insulting in his tone and manner toward Mrs. Gordon that her father, in a fit of passion, which Maurice certainly did all in his power to provoke, ordered him to leave the house at once and immediately; and never again presume to appear in the presence of one whom he had so justly offended. It was in vain that Jenny endeavored to mediate between them. Mr. Gordon was inexorable, insisting that he had borne the insolence of his son long enough, and would never, now Maurice must share his own fortunes else where. Poor Jenny retreated almost heart broken, and with many unmusical sounds and lace in Maurice's ears, now Maurice must share his own fortunes else where. Poor Jenny retreated almost heart broken, and with many unmusical sounds and lace in Maurice's a hasty leave of his weeping sister, left his native village, and went, none knew whither. None knew, indeed, where he cared, and a little time he was gone, a spoken occasionally by his brothers and Walter Thornton, and whispered sigh and moaning as Jenny's prayers, the name of Maurice Gordon became a forgotten sound in Arcadie.

But some fresh and new excitement to enliven too much of monotonous in our narrative, and to make our story a short one, if possible, we have no time to proceed to follow Maurice in his wanderings; let cause we shall be wanted presently to assist in, or at least to sympathize, by putting up of sweetness, the arrangement of the parties and supper table, which the feast of to-morrow. It is Christmas Eve, and never was there a more busy one at Arcadie than this. Farmers have come from the city where he is now employed as a clerk, and he it is who many host and Jenny in the operation, and who still and decently are the green boughs disposed above the door and windows, and how grace fully the wild vine twines itself round the picture frames, and the old fashioned mirrors, at their bidding. Frank is really the most useful person imaginable, for his strong arm can reach the very highest piece of furniture which has doted Jenny's attempts for weeks, and he can dust the top of the tall book case which the could not reach, and keep logging in a heavy step ladder, relating anecdotes, and making merry all the while, so glad as he is to be at home again. And then how every one admires his heart is so full of poor Maurice and her thoughts are about him, that she can scarcely help telling Frank the whole story, and least she should be betrayed into such a piece of confidence, which Walter and she had by mutual consent agreed upon, she fell to assist Mrs Gordon in the thousand and one things, which are yet to be done, slops to wipe a dish here, and to help a young lady to a needle there, and even offers to assist her father, who is patiently cracking nuts by the fireside. It is well that Christmas comes but once in the year.

Christmas morning broke clear and lovely over Arcadie. The sun sparkled upon the remnants of the old ground which covered the fields, and the leaf less woods, and shubby, yet clouded archive were coming forth, more like the summer than winter. Jenny Gordon danced with the fondest hope that her brother she could be here expected to dine with them—but as soon as breakfast was over, she assembled saying he must look after an old friend who had run up from town to see him, they managed to entice Mr. Gordon to the parlor, and Jenny flinging him with you this evening, Walter," said Mr Gordon, "we shall be glad to see any friend of yours."

"Thank you, sir," said Thornton, with a triumphant glance at Jenny—and in another moment he had left the room. He came back in a few minutes, who in the assumed character of a broken-down Highland chieftain, speaking bad English, occupied an apartment in the village tavern.

And now the early twilight gathered over the landscape, the stars peered out one by one in the deep Heavens, till every diamond spark was blazing, and by the time Mrs Gordon and Jenny were quite down stairs, and had left the maiden in his house to set and fresh linen, came down, looking so cheer ful and coy, the elder guests began to arrive, bringing their best humor and good wishes with them, and quired perhaps a longer time for dressing, to make their appearance at the most fashionable hour of Arcadie.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton were the first. Walter's mother, and Miss Dorothy Thornton his maiden sister, a fine old gentlewoman of the primitive stamp, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Gordon's particular friend, and Mrs. Thomas, and a dozen more besides. Now Jenny had been a favorite with all these ladies, and as soon as they had left the room, they began to question her about Maurice, and to ask her many questions, which she answered as well as she could, and then the ladies began to talk of Maurice, and how they remembered him when he was a boy, and how handsome he was, and how he had grown, and how they wondered what he was doing now, and how they hoped he would come back, and how they thought he would not, and so on, until Jenny was glad to escape from the room, and see what was going on in the parlor.

Mr. Gordon was in his usual place, and his wife and Miss Dorothy Thornton were seated on the sofa, and Walter and Jenny were standing by the fire, and Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Thomas, and a few more ladies were seated in a row on the other side of the room, and Mr. Thornton and the rest of the gentlemen were standing about in groups, and Jenny thought that she had never seen a more pleasant party, and was glad that she had been persuaded to dress herself with more than usual care.

"Walter," said Mrs. Thornton, "I have been telling Mrs. Gordon that I have not seen Maurice since he was a boy, and I should like to see him very much indeed."

"Very kind, sir, where is your father?" said Jenny, and I should be very much obliged to you if you would be so happy. I am sure my father will not refuse if you are really willing to ask him,—because Maurice is my brother, and I am very anxious to see him."

"We must not anticipate too much," said Walter, lowering his voice. "Hark! Jenny, old Hector has been shut out for the night, I hear his growl. We had better separate now, for it he should come back and find us in a body, the old gentleman may perhaps take it into his head to see who is trespassing upon his grounds, which would not be altogether agreeable I'm thinking."

"And shall I see Maurice again?" asked Jenny, grasping her brother's hand, as if reluctant to part.

"Certainly, you shall meet him on Christmas night, at your own house, or my name is not Walter Thornton, and Hem!—and Walter, as he finished the sentence in Jenny's ear, stole a kiss also.

"Hector! my good old play-fellow, is he alive yet, said Maurice, thoughtfully. "How I should like to see him. I wonder if he would know me."

"Better not wait to make the discovery," said Thornton, as Hector's growl, louder and deeper than before, was repeated. Maurice pressed his sister in his arms for a moment, a few more words were said, "good night," softly but cheerfully spoken, and the brief interview was ended. Jenny returned her steps to the side-door, and the young man, arm in arm, returned to the village.

Maurice Gordon—we must tell his story in few words—had lost his own mother at the very period when a mild, heartbreaking lady, he must required her fondening care and guiding hand. Thoughtless in his self-esteem, self-willed and quick-tempered, he was yet generous and kind hearted; and towards his sister at least must loving in his nature, and Jenny often reclaimed him by her own gentle persuasions, when the threats or commands of his father failed in producthe desired result. Maurice, while yet a boy, imagined himself a man; and with that mistaken idea of manliness very common in these days, in which any degree of submission is deemed the most unmanly thing in the world, he could brook no restraint, and above all, the rigorous discipline of most important matters. Nor did he feel frequently and anxiously at the tall mahogany clock, whose iron finger seemed to move with unusual rapidity, and I am not sure that she did not feel somewhat annoyed both by her step-mother's incessant gossip, and the large number of cups which Mr Gordon swallowed during the short hour. But all things have an end, and so do an old gentleman's appetite, and an old lady's loquacity. Tea was over at last; the table was cleared away, the dishes were put set within easy reach, and in a few moments stood alone at the bottom of the garden, beneath the clear cold moon and glittering stars.

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"Yes, you did, Dolly," replied Felix; "and I have thrown it away; and after this I will stop taking your advice. And I think that if all married men would follow my example, they would probably find them-selves happier by far."

Felix Plumber has pertinaciously ever since to this good resolution; and his conduct certainly is calculated to confirm the assertion of that sensible man, that "a man convinced that drinking was an extremely foolish and useless habit; often finding he can do without it, and never missing it, will be likely to continue sensible. Accordingly, by just following the advice and example of Dolly, he has lately become an active and useful member of that excellent society, the "Sons of Temperance."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1845.

TERMS.

Single copies $3 per annum in advance—$2 if not paid in advance.

For $5 an advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following liberal offers:

5 COPIES,	$10.00	PER ANNUM.
9 "	$18.00	"
13 "	$15.00	"
15 "	$30.00	"

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remittals must always state the Post Office county and town, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "The Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Forrester," a Splendid New Annual, for 1846.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Dodd's Historical Magazine—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Dodd's Pictorial Magazine, or "The Forrester," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Godey's Ladies' Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Forrester," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Peters' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and forwarding subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post surpass itself, if possible, the coming season, and would advise our correspondents to waken up, if they do not wish to be left behind altogether. Our terms are very low, in fact as low as it is possible to afford an original paper of the size and quality of the Post—and of course it we chose to publish a second edition of some daily paper, lagged together without taste or method or scarcity, and call it a weekly, we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers expect the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs, or sending us their individual subscriptions as early as possible, in order that we may know at once how many more thousands we are to print during the coming year that is before us.

☞ H. S. Mendelsohn, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, is no longer Agent for the paper. ☜

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Tenth Forrester was received in due season and is very welcome. We have given orders that the paper and magazine should be sent as agreed upon.

O. W.—We made no friend for his Logenes, Sr.

CHRISTMAS.

Of all the weeks in the calendar, that between Christmas and the coming in of the new year, is perhaps the most joyful. By common consent it is devoted to joy and merriment, to the presentation of gifts at afternoon and love, and to happy meetings around the social fireside. The feeling that Christmas is here again, seems to lend new color to every cheek, new brightness to every eye. The shops and stores display their most tempting wares displayed in the windows, to catch the eyes of the passers-by, evergreens are wreathed around the neck of old Winter until we begin to see the resemblance he bears him and his last daughter, Spring, and the mistletoe is hastened and carried to his grave, amid a most sweet gush of kindness and quiet merriment.

And why is it so? Is there not naturally something sacredful in the idea that the old year, which has been with us in so many scenes of trial and sorrow, is drawing to its close—something that we would think should remind us of that coming hour when we ourselves shall pass like a vapor from the earth, and the places that now know us know us no more?

Yet, such would be the emotion naturally inspired by the approach of the old year, were it not swallowed up in the joy of His memory, who taught man how to gain the victory over death and the grave, in the blessed anniversary of His birth, how could man be sorrowful!

And most appropriate is it therefore that this season should be a season of gladness and rejoicing. That sweet and beautiful gifts, imagined with love, should pass from friend to friend—that man should speak to man more kindly than in their want in the street—that the hearts of the children, whom He loved, should be made to overflow with joy, and that earth should forget for a while its curse and sport as a lamb, full of innocence and mirth, in the eyes of its Maker.

Relative therefore and be exceeding glad, friends, for it is the hallowed anniversary of our faith. Yield not to old bickerings will it is thy grace! Banish the calm and pitied serenity of the new with the old sorrow; let the hearts of the parents be turned towards the children, and the hearts of the children towards their parents—let all drink a full draught of the sparkling stream of love which has sent forth from its earth eighteen hundred and forty-six years ago, bearing on its holy waves, like a servant blessed, the Christ Infant Jesus. Let our hearts be anointed in the feeling of our common brotherhood; and as we pass the threshold of the new year, let us exclaim, God helping us, that we will be more just and liberal, more charitable and patient to wards the weaknesses and the vices of our common humanity.

REPUBLIC OF CRACOW.

Of all the mean things done lately by the despots of the old world none is more unmeet and more despicable than the extinguishment of the Republic of Cracow. By the treaty of Vienna, the three great powers, the dyhnastic and self-styled protected themselves to respect, and to cause to be respected, forever, the neutrality of the free city of Cracow, and declared it to be perpetual, free, and independent city, under their protection." But in vain are promises and pledges exacted from those whose sole interest it is to violate and betray and how a treaties against justice and right and God. Although Russia and Prussia and Austria had pledged themselves in the most solemn manner to maintain the freedom and independence of Cracow, they would not keep their word. The people of the whole world, in violation their pledges, and to cast them in the mud as to much mud!

And what excuse do they have pretend to offer? The tyrant's old plea—necessity. Cracow was a nucleus for rebellion. The only free spot in that once free and heroic land, Poland, could not express its quick heart-beats, when it heard the call to Freedom pealing from all her past history, all the hallowed graves of her martyrs. But it is well. It is well that Tyranny should be always deceitful and cruel and treacherous. We thank God for it. For we see that fact are all true and noble hearts pledged to a stern, uncompromising warfare against it. Ay, not only against her legs weaks and alive to her pledge. We sometimes think that if it were our last prayer, we would implore the despots of the old world that they might be tenacious!—that they might plunge the steel deeper and deeper into the hearts of their subjects, until universal humanity, rising like one man, should purge the world of their presence. Ay, let the imprisoned ghost be blinded, let him be made the agent and the sword of his oppressor, that we be may rise in his might and pluck down the pillars of a false and cruel order of society, upon the hearts of its builders and supporters.

And yet, would that it might be otherwise—would that through thy blessed ministrations, oh! Peace, chained and degraded Europe might be made free. But we see it is not to be—and that the old folly threads blood on the communion of Emperors, Austria, Prussia, Poland and Russia be worthy of them like a pair of bloodhounds—and that the old precept and practice, the power of the soldier and the kings, continued by mighty masses of ignorant bleeding soldiery, who can scarcely read or write even to hope for the opening of any other road to Freedom, than that which leads through gory fields, and the ruin by the fiery flashes of cannons. For though most powers can work wonders where there is liberty of speech and the press, without these, it is as dull as a sword in its scabbard. All necessary reforms can be effected by its aid alone, in those countries where the press and tongue are free—but where these are not free, the first contest must be for their liberty as the basis of all other freedom—and that contest can only scarcely be other than with the gun and the bayonet.

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Men are like trees in the wind—perpetually bowing, stand their erect, and all their bow note them.

Self-Reliance in its extreme, is the worst kind of idolatry—but when all the world is setting like a tide in one direction, who are we to say extreme in the other?

Every artist show no mercy to the poor, plant and water thy ill-gotten gains—then art but heap ing up wealth for the Enemy to buy thy children's souls with.

Beware of theories—they are dangerous weapons in a fool's hand.

Self-confidence courage is superior to physical—but the great man needs both.

A cat has nine lives—the worm but ninety and nine. The reason is obvious. He must exert earthy as the most bound to earth—the most spiritual are held only by a thread.

Solomon said, "Let all thy gains say, 'Get up and standing." The Solomon of this day say, "Let all your gettings, get upon standing." There is a difference.

Take no note of what is said behind thy back—the waves that close behind thee assist thy further progress.

As a foolish man becomes more and more in the father of the young, so a wise man becomes more and more a child to his parents, the former, by association with a warmest and the latter of age and experience.

It is stated that along the route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, they committed various acts of pillage, and it seems they have already begun to rise on Pittsburg at the end—the Yankee would do more serve well of his country, if he would gun all such scoundrels as these, and not be afraid to fight battle, that they might be killed off as soon as possible.

YOUNG LADIES, BEWARE!

A teenager, who had been for some time paying his addresses to a young lady of large fortune, but most, much to the dissatisfaction of her father, recently persuaded her to elope with him. Happily the father of the young lady was informed of the intended step, and the agreeable surprise he thereby gave the runaways and dislike all manifested on the part of the lover, in proportion to which it is safe to carry sail.

The ascent to power is often like a gravel pole, which, after the strong and vigorous have tired themselves with attempting to climb, said they assist and dislike all manifested on the part of the fellow succeeds in climbing. But after all, he has only succeeded in setting himself up as a mark for the slave sport to twenty and twenty spoke sport of those, it is as dull as a sword in its scabbard.

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CHRISTMAS.

Of all the weeks in the calendar, that between Christmas and the coming in of the new year, is perhaps the most joyful. By common consent it is devoted to joy and merriment, to the presentation of gifts at afternoon and love, and to happy meetings around the social fireside. The feeling that Christmas is here again, seems to lend new color to every cheek, new brightness to every eye. The shops and stores display their most tempting wares displayed in the windows, to catch the eyes of the passers-by, evergreens are wreathed around the neck of old Winter until we begin to see the resemblance he bears him and his last daughter, Spring, and the mistletoe is hastened and carried to his grave, amid a most sweet gush of kindness and quiet merriment.

And why is it so? Is there not naturally something sacredful in the idea that the old year, which has been with us in so many scenes of trial and sorrow, is drawing to its close—something that we would think should remind us of that coming hour when we ourselves shall pass like a vapor from the earth, and the places that now know us know us no more?

Yet, such would be the emotion naturally inspired by the approach of the old year, were it not swallowed up in the joy of His memory, who taught man how to gain the victory over death and the grave, in the blessed anniversary of His birth, how could man be sorrowful!

And most appropriate is it therefore that this season should be a season of gladness and rejoicing. That sweet and beautiful gifts, imagined with love, should pass from friend to friend—that man should speak to man more kindly than in their want in the street—that the hearts of the children, whom He loved, should be made to overflow with joy, and that earth should forget for a while its curse and sport as a lamb, full of innocence and mirth, in the eyes of its Maker.

Relative therefore and be exceeding glad, friends, for it is the hallowed anniversary of our faith. Yield not to old bickerings will it is thy grace! Banish the calm and pitied serenity of the new with the old sorrow; let the hearts of the parents be turned towards the children, and the hearts of the children towards their parents—let all drink a full draught of the sparkling stream of love which has sent forth from its earth eighteen hundred and forty-six years ago, bearing on its holy waves, like a servant blessed, the Christ Infant Jesus. Let our hearts be anointed in the feeling of our common brotherhood; and as we pass the threshold of the new year, let us exclaim, God helping us, that we will be more just and liberal, more charitable and patient to wards the weaknesses and the vices of our common humanity.

REPUBLIC OF CRACOW.

Of all the mean things done lately by the despots of the old world none is more unmeet and more despicable than the extinguishment of the Republic of Cracow. By the treaty of Vienna, the three great powers, the dyhnastic and self-styled protected themselves to respect, and to cause to be respected, forever, the neutrality of the free city of Cracow, and declared it to be perpetual, free, and independent city, under their protection." But in vain are promises and pledges exacted from those whose sole interest it is to violate and betray and how a treaties against justice and right and God. Although Russia and Prussia and Austria had pledged themselves in the most solemn manner to maintain the freedom and independence of Cracow, they would not keep their word. The people of the whole world, in violation their pledges, and to cast them in the mud as to much mud!

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DARING AFFAIR.

A daring, if comparatively trifling achievement, was recently performed by a small party belonging to the Texian army. Being in possession of the Mexican schooner, moored within pistol shot of the Castle. The Picayune gives the following account of them the gun was not commanded:—

"She was the Creole, well known in New Orleans as a packet, and I believe somewhat notorious for her speed. Some certain other vessels can outsail her with a subject of diplomacy some years ago. She was ordered from the Brazos to Galveston, and had been an exposure to us, whenever we were in sight of the town. The feasibility of burning her at her moorings had been for some time discussed, and last night (Nov. 30th) the matter was fit and finished by three of our officers, with five men, in a single boat.

"The officers ranged were Lieut. J. L. Parker, Lieut. Samuel Middlepore, J. E. Hymes and Robert C. Rogers. The affair was finally started on the night of the 30th, without the cognizance of the captain or the first lieutenant.

"The boat started at eleven at night, and at half after one the vessel was fired. On nearing the schooner, the boat was discovered by her crew, and the alarm was given by hailing the castle. The bulls of the castle were rung and the lights of the town disappeared. This at the time that the boat's crew were following from boarding the schooner and setting her on fire. Seven Mexicans were found on board, and forced into our boat as prisoners, and the vessel was fired in the cabin. In the time the first attempt failed—the light was then accidentally put out by carrying their boat's loaded ammunition of failure. The use of firearms would have provoked the fire of the castle. One of the Mexicans was forced to find fire, with a pistol at his head. It was found in a candle and the fire was then applied. To save the last chance, Mr. Hymes then proved powder from his hand upon the coal, and succeeded in the attempt. The vessel was burned. After going into the boat, in order to make sure, the officers returned to make a second trial, but on finding no other means of carrying the fire, they two their shirts, burnt a hole in them, and left them. The Mexicans must be somewhat astonished when they find out how much fire we gave the Yankee forced to find fire, with a pistol at his head. It was done so kindly and handsomely at our course, with not anything to show that their encouraging words did not and appreciated.

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THE VOLUNTEERS.

The following is the result of the election for Officers of the Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers:

For Colonel—F. M. Wynkoop, 308
Wm. F. Small, 291
A. L. Roseboro', 251
G. Freeze, 6
For Lieut. Col.—Thomas F. Bird, 426
R. K. Rose, 196
J. W. Forehand, 151
For Major—F. L. Beeman, 426
J. Glenn, 196
O. C. McClelland, 196
For Adjutant—
Abm. W. Foster,

The Officers elect are Colonel F. M. Wynkoop, of the Pottsville company, Lieut. Col. Thomas F. Bird, of Pittsburg, and Major Beeman of the Wyoming company.

It is stated that there was a great deal of feeling manifested, and that some fighting took place, in which a Philadelphian was badly beaten.

The American Consul at Havana advertizes, some time since, for five steamboats to convey the Regiment and all its equipage to New Orleans—and it is probable that by this time the troops are in readiness on their way. The Pittsburg Gazette says that "taken in all, they are a splendid body of men, and will compare with any regiment that has been, or may be, mustered into service."

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

Mr. Powers, the sculptor, between Messrs. Bowers and Lester, a correspondent of the New England Review, writing from Florence, speaks as follows.

"I have no personal acquaintance for Mr. Lester, we cannot deny that the evidence, so far as we have seen it, is very much against Mr. Powers—I intend to make a second visit to Florence for the purpose of carrying the fire, they two their shirts, burnt a hole in them, and left them. The Mexicans must be somewhat astonished when they find out how much fire we gave the Yankee forced to find fire, with a pistol at his head. It was done so kindly and handsomely at our course, with not anything to show that their encouraging words did not and appreciated.

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ONCE ON A FRESH AND

FRAGRANT EVE.

FROM "MORNINGTIAN SONGS"
BY REV. JAMES DOMINICK BURNS, LL. D.

Once on a fresh and fragrant eve
I wander'd up an island steep;—
The isles with flowers were gay to see,
Lay purple on the heaving deep;—
A flag of innocent hue I bore,
Was chosing in an hour so bright,
As sacred Sunday's hours of yore,
Or rest'd the mountain stream to light

Unmindful of the breakers' war
That rag'd along the lonely wood,
I watch'd beyond the waves afar,
The green isles of the Atlantic flood;—
Long had I chas'd them o'er the sea,
Long had I sought and sought and found,
And there they rose to my view
Child'd in the fairest hues of heaven.

Hour of eternal life! I was
Near in thy darkest hour upon—
Though pain and sorrow chase thee long,
A land more luminous and serene
Ay! though thou fall unwept, unblest,
Thy monument a lonely rock
Those is the Christian's pleasant rue,
There are the mansions of God!

RINGGOLD.

The remains of the lamented Major Ringgold were received in Baltimore with appropriate ceremonies. The procession passed the house of Mrs. Ringgold, the mother of the deceased officer, in the city, the town clerk bell, with the various engine bells on the route tolled as the funeral train passed.

The cenotaph, on which the body was placed, is described as being unique and beautiful in the extreme. It is a fine specimen of workmanship for the relics of the departed hero. It is sufficiently large, adds the Patriot, to admit of the nine coffin in which the remains have been placed on, and is made of the best mahogany—the interior being lined throughout with black cambric, and the exterior covered with the same. In front of the lid a gold mounting bead is placed, which is at once unique and chaste. The lid, which is the last on it is large enough to admit a silver hand-somely chased, bearing the following inscription:—

"The body of Major Samuel Ringgold, of the United States Army, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Palo Alto, on the 8th of May, 1846." The silver handles are placed on the sides of the coffin.

THE "KILLERS."

Self-Reliance in its extreme, is the worst kind of idolatry—but when all the world is setting like a tide in one direction, who are we to say extreme in the other?

Every artist show no mercy to the poor, plant and water thy ill-gotten gains—then art but heap ing up wealth for the Enemy to buy thy children's souls with.

Beware of theories—they are dangerous weapons in a fool's hand.

Self-confidence courage is superior to physical—but the great man needs both.

A cat has nine lives—the worm but ninety and nine. The reason is obvious. He must exert earthy as the most bound to earth—the most spiritual are held only by a thread.

Solomon said, "Let all thy gains say, 'Get up and standing." The Solomon of this day say, "Let all your gettings, get upon standing." There is a difference.

Take no note of what is said behind thy back—the waves that close behind thee assist thy further progress.

As a foolish man becomes more and more in the father of the young, so a wise man becomes more and more a child to his parents, the former, by association with a warmest and the latter of age and experience.

It is stated that along the route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, they committed various acts of pillage, and it seems they have already begun to rise on Pittsburg at the end—the Yankee would do more serve well of his country, if he would gun all such scoundrels as these, and not be afraid to fight battle, that they might be killed off as soon as possible.

YOUNG LADIES, BEWARE!

A teenager, who had been for some time paying his addresses to a young lady of large fortune, but most, much to the dissatisfaction of her father, recently persuaded her to elope with him. Happily the father of the young lady was informed of the intended step, and the agreeable surprise he thereby gave the runaways and dislike all manifested on the part of the lover, in proportion to which it is safe to carry sail.

The ascent to power is often like a gravel pole, which, after the strong and vigorous have tired themselves with attempting to climb, said they assist and dislike all manifested on the part of the fellow succeeds in climbing. But after all, he has only succeeded in setting himself up as a mark for the slave sport to twenty and twenty spoke sport of those, it is as dull as a sword in its scabbard.

All necessary reforms can be effected by its aid alone, in those countries where the press and tongue are free—but where these are not free, the first contest must be for their liberty as the basis of all other freedom—and that contest can only scarcely be other than with the gun and the bayonet.

COMPLIMENTS.

In publishing a number of eulogistic notices of the Post two or three weeks ago, we took occasion to give some very good and sufficient reasons for so doing, to which the reader is referred. In publishing the following, we would justify ourselves by saying that having begun the practice, it might seem like a want of courtesy were we now not daily to step short, and hear them which have spoken kindly and handsomely of our course, without anything to show that their encouraging words did not and appreciated.

The Clyde Eagle" says:

"NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE BEST PAPER PUBLISHED IN PHILADELPHIA—the Saturday Evening Post. This valuable paper is of the largest class—well conducted, and is published by S. D. Patterson & Co."

The "Dundee Record" says:

"The Post is among the best of our exchanges, and as a literary, mercantile and agricultural journal, is not surpassed by any of the weeklies published in the city—comprising as it does the contributions of the American and Foreign mind, a careful revision of the markets, and a full space devoted to the interests of the American farmer, and otherwise rendered an instructive and useful family newspaper, suited to the old and the young."

The editor of Graham's Magazine, in noticing the able paper published at Smithboro', Vt., after stating that he is happy to learn that the Messrs. Ayer have resumed the publication of "Merrie, or The Forrester," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Post, and one copy of Godey's Gentleman's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Forrester," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Peters' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and forwarding subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post surpass itself, if possible, the coming season, and would advise our correspondents to waken up, if they do not wish to be left behind altogether. Our terms are very low, in fact as low as it is possible to afford an original paper of the size and quality of the Post—and of course it we chose to publish a second edition of some daily paper, lagged together without taste or method or scarcity, and call it a weekly, we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers expect the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs, or sending us their individual subscriptions as early as possible, in order that we may know at once how many more thousands we are to print during the coming year that is before us.

☞ H. S. Mendelsohn, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, is no longer Agent for the paper. ☜

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Tenth Forrester was received in due season and is very welcome. We have given orders that the paper and magazine should be sent as agreed upon.

O. W.—We made no friend for his Logenes, Sr.

LACONICS.

Men are like trees in the wind—perpetually bowing, stand their erect, and all their bow note them.

Self-Reliance in its extreme, is the worst kind of idolatry—but when all the world is setting like a tide in one direction, who are we to say extreme in the

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas.

JOHN MUMBY, Canada, East and West.

MESSRS. A. GRISWOLD & CO. are Agents for Mr. M. Stevenson, Jr., for Canada.

HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Georgia.

CHARLES E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South Western States, and is succeeded by James A. Smith, Esq., of Memphis, Tennessee.

Wm. H. Wells, John B. Wells, Esq., of Mississippi, and John Coit Wells, Esq., of Louisiana.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID

to the Publisher.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in value) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the oddest, and the amount deposited. The receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money was deposited.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, also is required to give a receipt to the person who pays it the person, paying the same, and the receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses it and presents it to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa., September 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

Sir—I have received from *John Hulsey*, ten dollars, which I have deposited in your office, to the credit of the Publisher of the United States Saturday Post, and you will please credit him with the same.

Signed JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment should be sent to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Milton, Pa., September 18, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

Sir—I have received from *John Hulsey*, ten dollars, which I have deposited in your office, to the credit of the Publisher of the United States Saturday Post, and you will please credit him with the same.

Signed JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, bank notes, current in the payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

On the 17th, the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Mason as Secretary of the Navy, was confirmed by the Senate. A number of Navy Agents, Paymasters and appointments were also confirmed, and among them that of Major Gen. Worth to be Inspector General or Quarter Master in the army.

Bills were presented, but of no note being given, for the erection of a custom house at New Orleans for the benefit of sailors, and for the establishment of a navy dock at Pensacola.

Also, a bill to establish a national armory at Mayville, Illinois.

On motion of Mr. J. M Clayton, the Vice President was authorized to appoint a select committee on the subject of French Spoliations.

On motion of Mr. Bowne, the Committee on Commerce was instructed to inquire into the expediency of making appropriations for the improvement of our harbors.

The Senate then went into an executive session, and afterwards adjourned over to Monday.

On the 17th, Messrs. Rhett, Rose and Hunter appeared in their seats.

Mr. Calhoun presented the credentials of Mr. Butler, of S. C., who was qualified.

Mr. Hannegan, of Indiana, after calling on the President to inform the Senate whether any agent had been sent to Texas to negotiate a loan or agent, has been very severe in making appropriations for the improvement of our harbors.

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Mr. Semple introduced a bill to re-model the Consular system.

Mr. Semple introduced a bill creating the office of surveyor General of Oregon.

Mr. Barrow brought forward a bill to provide for the survey of the mouth of Red river.

Mr. Archer presented a bill for the relief of the heirs of John Cox, of Virginia.

A bill was reported from the Library Committee for the relief of the heirs of Gen. Washington.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 17th, Mr. Winthrop offered a resolution, calling on the Sec'y of War for information in the statement of the expenditures for harbors, roads and appropriations in the several States of the Confederacy.

The House then proceeded to the election of Chaplain.

On the third ballot the Rev Mr Sprole was elected having received a majority of votes.

Mr. Dewey had to, Mr. Tousley to, and Mr. Thorn to.

Mr. Douglass, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of Iowa into the Union, which was read twice and ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

On the 18th, Mr. Bayly from the Military Committee reported a bill to increase the pay of the volunteers and regulars who shall declare the month the commencement of the war, and to grant two years' land to the officers serving for war unless sooner discharged. Mr. Boyd moved to go into a committee of the whole on the state of the Union for ordering this bill. Mr. McKay thought the bill was a very great one, and he would like some time to look to examine its provisions. Mr. Boyd's motion was negatived.

Mr. Wentworth called for the order of the day, being the consideration of the bill for the relief of the number of which were passed.

On the 19th, Mr. Ingersoll, of Virginia, asked leave to present a memorial from the Chamber of Commerce of Savannah, praying the aid of Congress in reasons adequate to the protection of the harbor. No objection being made by Mr. Payne, of Alabama, the memorial was received and referred to the committee of the consideration of bills on the private calendar, being substituted for the motion of Mr. Boyd.

The bill under consideration when the House adjourned yesterday, is entitled "An act to refund to the State of Ohio, was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

A protracted discussion then ensued on the bill for the relief of Gen. Gaines, during the course of which Mr. Bayly moved to go into a committee of the whole on the state of the Union for ordering this bill. Mr. McKay thought the bill was a very great one, and he would like some time

Appropriate Poem.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE POST, FROM THE GERMAN OF FR. KIND.

Hark! while the wintry storm, winds blow,
Who wanders shivering through the snow?
'Tends the pale mom-hour's chilling ray,
A child, half clad, appears to stray.

This is her form, and pale her cheek,
Her step is faltering, slow and weak,
It seems that she can scarcely stand,
Yet no one lends a helping hand.

List! What note comes I hear her cry,—
"Oh God! who set in Heaven on high,
How pity—Hark! from yonder tower
The bell proclaims the seventh hour.

" Ah! is it then indeed so late?
My mistress' anger will be great;
She'll punish me with many a blow,
Because I've dared to loiter so.

" This punishment I'm sure to get
When by the angry dame I'm met;
'Twill be in vain, if I should say
A tale longer on the way.

" At the store windows I will gaze—
What treasures every shop displays!
The merchants as I'm passing by,
In jest proclaims, come see to buy.

" How tempting are these trinkets there!
That pretty comb to draw the hair—
This doll with such a lovely face—
And ah!—these gloves of fur so warm!

" But all in vain for them I sigh,
A crust of bread I scarce can buy;
Now all have presents—but for me
No one will draw the Christmas tree.

" See from you room a fire's bright blaze
Sends through the streets its cheerful rays,
And people through the window stare—
A Christ-child's gifts are surely there.

" Fain would I see, but much I dread
Among the lustrous trees to tread,
No! to the door I'll softly creep,
And through the key hole take a peep."

The door ajar, permits a view
Where waxen lights of many a hue,
In silver stands, the room illume,
While incense waits its rich perfume

White curtains reaching to the floor,
In sweeps to conceal long before
Each window,—while on every hand
Church-like the floor is strewed with sand.

And Hyacinths, Tulips, Violets too—
Fresh as if fed by April dew,
Shed through the room their perfum'd breath—
Lovely the scene—but still no death!

As round the room her eager gaze,
Now wonder-full the scene displays;
'Neath palm leaves, and with garlands drest'd,
An Infant-Saviour seems to rest.

Nine downs it such, and gazing there,
Her heart forgets in wonted care;
Quicken'd by joy her palsies flow,
And paint her cheeks with transient glow.

In silent prayer awhile she stands,
Raising to God her suppliant hands;
The half-shut door then wonders through,
Saying, "Oh, grant to me one view!"

The rustling of a dress she hears,
A lady pale and fair appears,
Who, weeping, and with accents mild,
Exclaims, "O poverty, dear child!

" Of comfort, dear one, would you see
The angel Christ-mas gave to me.
Alas! but one to me was given,
And now her spirit's gone to Heaven.

" The grave to sorrow takes its prey—
Her parents bought for Christmas day.
Accept them—they are lying there,
You see like her so pale and fair!

" What see thou? child!" " A sister, I
Now, more a year, my mother die,
And, now, upon her grave, alone—
To her, the good, I make my moan."

" A year ago, so calls dear
Beloved from me my mother dear,
And Christ came mora, a brilliant light
Showed me I woke a charming night.

" I heard the distant angel sound—
And, waking, by my bed I found
A tree which crackling night
And with rich gifts was strewn o'er.

" Now o'er the bed is in'es away
On which my mother lay;
And in her grave, so cold and deep,
I, by her side, would gladly sleep.

" For now with street folks I dwell,
Where never, never true we smell;
For though I ev'ry day toil hard
With naught but blows my toil requite."

" Your name and age, tell me, I pray."
" Th. Lottie, she'me—I'm seven to-day."
" Oh, surely you were sent by Heaven!
My Charlotte, the age lately went to."

" Well! by the pale, cold form, I swear,
Of my dead daughter lying there,
While you're in me thankful bitter love,
A mother I will prove to you!"

A chorus passing through the street,
Seems her soft accents to interrupt:
" God is my refuge and my guide,
For His He ever will provide!" W——n.

Original Sketch.

THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY H. BUTLER.

High in the deep blue Heaven rolled the silver car of Night's radiant Queen, and the stars were yet glittering in brightness and beauty, when with light and buoyant heart the New Year stepped forth, with all the gladness of a young heir about to take possession of some vast estate. Smiling and hopeful was none from his train of sprightly fays gold, and donning his garb of varied hues, looked forth upon his broad and extended domain.

In mysterious majesty rolled the boundless ocean—upstuds of ships careered over the white crested billows, and the Organs of the mighty Deep poured forth continually their solemn dirge over the ship wrecked Dead who sleep in her all-shrouding bosom! There, amon the proud cities of the earth—their monuments, and stately towers—Christian spire and heathen Fane gleamed alike. Mountains, on whose snow-capped summits the Heavens seemed to rest, and hills and vales of varied beauty were there. Our own Winter had cast his hoary mantle, and the mighty forests stood, their every limb bare, flashing on the brimstead crest of some warrior host, while ever and anon plume tipping stripped appeared. Yonder blazed the fierce Volcano, lapping the Heavens with angry tongue, and there the Geizers! thoroughly shook their forest and meadow, through their sandy tube, nestle rivers sped on their way.

With all the generous enthusiasm of youth, the New Year resolved that those over whom he had come to reign should be happy, for a "happy New Year," thought he, "shall be shed beneath the glorious canopy of Heaven, nor a sigh disturb the peaceful serenity I will diffuse around me." The light of happiness shall irradiate every countenance, and pain and sorrow shall be unknown."

" Ah!" said he, as he gazed around, "if particularly and injustice have marked the course of the Year whose mantle is even now ringing, for while some are revelling in every luxury, there are others plunged in the depths of poverty and woe. At the bridal feast there is rejoicing, and again, at the dying pillow of the proud and lovely, of parent and of child, there are others bending in grief unutterable. Many thousands there are, who must learned to be the abode of wretchedness! As you glorious orb sheds her rays on all alike, so should the bright glow of happiness and joy fall on the cottage upon Earth! This moment will I send forth a chosen company to mitigate and relieve."

So saying, he summoned to his presence dove-eyed Peace, smiling Plenty, rosy Health, laughing Pleasure, ruguish Joke, who came with his wings newly fledged, Hope with elastic tread, meek-eyed Content, and Contentment, singing as she came! Then he bade go forth and dwell among the sons of men, to visit the poorest cottage as well as the palace, and to distribute their fortunes equally upon all.

With joyful looks and lightly springing steps the happy company prepared to execute the bidding of the young and generous Monarch.

But who are those unbidden that cross the train?

In vain would those messengers of happiness entreat them! With rapid strides Old Age and bloody War pursue fair Peace—Avarice with clinched hand, and Prodigality with open purse, each mined a band of Plenty—Sickness with pallid cheek crept unawares to the side of Health—Misery and Poverty, with squalid mien, followed close behind gay smiling Pleasure—Jealousy sheltered beneath the wing of Love—Despondency trod last in the footsteps of Hope—Envy caught the robe of Content, and Melancholy in sombre garb, with tearful eye, drew near to Cheerfulness, while Death with unpitied dart and aimed with all his forces, stalked behind!

Even the young Year already felt their baneful influence—and from a corpsend his brow as he beheld his inability to stay that ruthless band, whose mission it was to work woe and destruction upon those whom he would fain have placed in the enjoyment of every blessing. Around him dark and lowering clouds were gathering, when suddenly two bright and beautiful forms drew near.

" Fear not," cried they, " for the happiness of those who inhabit thy domains—go in safety, for the evils with which they are now threatened. The gifts we bring to the Children of Earth are even more powerful than those with which you brightband at whose head fair Peace walks triumphant are preparing to bestow. Even Death we can disarm of horror! Our names are Religion and Mercy. The pains of Sickness—the stings of Poverty—the gloom of Despondency—the means of Envy—all, all vanish when we draw near! To those who will accept the gifts we bring, Life Eternal is the reward! Then fear not, for we are the chosen messengers of the Almighty Father!"

So saying and spreading their snowy wings they vanished.

Again the New Year sprang up light and happy, and summoning his followers, Mouths, Days and Hours, proceeded to enter upon the duties of his station. To these he gave various important missions, and despatched them to every quarter of the Globe; while he, like many a gay and keppy youth, prepared to pay his compliments to the fair and lovely of his domain. Clad in a mantle couleur de rose, wrought by the navy tipped fingers of Aurora, he mounted his chariot, and drawn by twelve mettlesome, joyous Hours, devoted the first day of his reign to Mirth and Festivity.

For the Ladies.

FEMALE TRIALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. A. H.

Mr. Editor—Perceiving that you take pride in being thought willing to do your share in "calling attention to the woes of the lairest part of humanity," I hesitate not to believe you may with me. And since you desire us " to speak out," please accept these few lines which I will call, not a critique, but a " Lamentation on Female Trials."

Meanwhile, if I am thought to lean a little towards the side of those, who, it appears are in high a value upon " woman's smile," I hope my interesting and much respected cotemporary, Cleodora, will not thereby conclude that I have turned traitor in State-existence, but that I only sear a little for the sake of argument. Besides, I often feel inclined to take "The middle line;" especially in the old fashioned music store I always admired the *B line*, or *Mi* natural. Its medium-like harmony seemed to soothe my nerves, and reconcile me to the extreme of octaves.

Our subject being one not only of universal interest, but of very great importance—the health and happiness of individuals—families, States and Nations depending upon it, we must not, Mr. Editor, waste your time and patience in a preface to every single and amusing things, but should strive, if possible, to season our articles with some ideas which are sensible and instructive.

If the married state were in general as smooth and delicious as we think it might be; or, to personify the word matrimony, if amidst all our superabundance of conveniences and comparative ease, superlative ornaments and elegances of the nineteenth century, matrimony, or, *the matrimonial state*, did not dangle the really " fine of sound and perfect condition, how delightful would it be to prescribe all pleasant and agreeable amusements for her gentlemen—how proper and how pleasing, when we took up our pen, to strew her path way with nothing save the most delicate flowers and sweetest perfumes! But alas! methinks she looks somewhat sickly. Her pale cheek, her dull and languid eye, her tardy and complaining voice, make us fear that all is not right with her. But what may have deviated her form the pure regimen, the simplen rules of ever faithful and kind nature, we therefore see none. Sometimes find it to be our indispensable, though painful duty to prescribe remedies that may be at first far from agreeable.

Our readers will recollect, that the first trial mentioned of poor Mrs. Bennet's is, as " ill natured girl, who is willing to do her half the work." Now every possibly this is partly, if not wholly, the mistress's own fault, and she does well not to acquaint her husband with the circumstance, as we deem it to be in truth none of his concern. Why does she not teach her girl to do her work neatly, and to do as she would be glad to be done by? If she does not know how, that is a fault in her own education, for in her boarding school days a gentleman is a gentleman to answer for; and not a trial to blame her husband for—unless he married her entirely for her personal beauty and accomplishments or accomplishments, and has given her to understand that there would be no necessity for her to be confined to the culinary routine of domestic affairs. If this be the case, he will do the most cruel and inconsistent thing that man ever can be guilty of in a man as he does not a while he requires her to step right into his house and perform those duties which she knows nothing about, and which if she would take ten years, with good instruction, to learn.

At present, we would recommend Mrs. Bennet to take a few lessons from some amiable matron who does know how. It may be that the woman of trials has fallen into one of the common and fatal errors of the day, by taking the advice, (for we servants in our country and time are admitted into the family,) of some ignorant, servant girl, and then expecting her to possess the experience of age, and the wisdom and refinement of an educated and highly refined person. Or, perhaps, she has let her girl with such cold spp-like surprise as to freeze up what she otherwise would know.

Mrs. Bennet's Monday morning visit to Mr. Benson has taken his breakfast and gone to the office, where the boy has a good fire and the papers are in order, which is a sign that Mr. B. is a good manger, else his papers would be likely to be out of order. Mrs. B would do well to be guided by his example, as it is possible that a want of system occasion most of her confusion. But " four children and a baby to wash" must indeed be a trial, even if their faces and smooth their hair." What! five children and none of them old enough to sponge their own faces and smooth their hair." Why must see that their books, slates, pencils, &c., are all in order." We admit that this is a trouble, and have long thought it one which did not become to belong to a mother's cares, as these items of stationary might easily be brought from the school house oftener than once a month. Our school hours are quite sufficient for study. " And now the baby is crying." Well, let it cry, it will strengthen its lungs, besides we hope one of the four elder children is old enough to comfort the dear little pet and " hush" it to " sleep" so that we can only reply that we keep there to some coal in the cellar." It is time for the baby to clean the parlor." Oh, let the parlor alone till another day! If Dr. Franklin was here, I fancy he would say that we were all too particular about the fire and the day. Afterwards, an unnecessary wash " is a day lost and waste of life!" Company calls." " Say to them come another day, and have to wash your clothes and their dinners. " The clock strikes twelve, and the children rush from school." Why do such things allow them an awkward time? Let the baby eat his finger, and calls loudly for mother." Why, must have patience and an excellent time it is for her to be taught it at this early period.

" The pie is not warm enough." That is truly a good pity, as we have it to be of the English portable that one food be prepared just right, if possible, as upon that depends our health or body and mind. " The cross minister at the door" we will not close in the food expectation of perusing our friend Cleodora in reply to the above.

FEMALE FACTORY EXCLUSIVE.—We learn from London of two remarkable female factories where much praise is due to feminine perseverance and energy in the manner in which we have performed the duties of mechanics with great success. The daughters of General Simcoe, who distinguished himself in the revolutionary war, are principally the owners of the ruins of the Abbey of Donkaswell, near Honiton, for which they *smoked all the stone* with their own hands! Their order was a large dwelling room which had been left in an unfinished condition. Another instance of feminine mechanical labor is given in the case of a Miss Richards of Stoke, England, who with her own hands glazed all the windows in her father's church with stained glass burnt and painted by herself!

A DUTCH MAN.—It is said of Mr. Pitt, that he was so much taken with the beauty of a young lady, that he drank out of her shoe.

Our Picture Gallery.

[Horses preparing to Start.]

A ROMAN HORSE RACE.

Horse racing was one of the principal amusements of the carnival at Rome. The common people, perhaps, do not take so much delight in any other pastime of that gay season. A Roman horse-race, is, however, a very different thing from an American one. Instead of a contest in which the skill and boldness of man are as much displayed as the speed and vigor of the animal he rides, the Roman race presents nothing but the horse without a rider. It is not, however, left entirely to its own spirit and emulation; it is true, the sight would be more interesting, as showing the natural character of the animal: but it is started by trumpets, and goaded on by contrivances quite as efficient as the whip and spur of our jockeys.

The barbari, (barbe—an eulled, perhaps, because the first horses employed were of the Barbary breed,) when brought to the starting-post, are gaily ornamented in the front of the head, and sometimes down the back, with plumes of peacock and other feathers. To a girth which goes round the body of each, are attached several loose straps well fil. ; to the rear of their ends small balls of lead from which iron sharp steel points,—the motion imparted to these straps by the animal's running keeps up a continual spurring on their flanks and sides. Sheets of thin tin, stiff paper, or some other substance that will make a rustling or startling noise when agitated, are also fastened on the horses backs.

The last mentioned articles serve to startle and alarm them, as if the prickly leaden balls were not excitement enough. The rearing, kicking, pawing, and snorting they make, when thus equipped, may be easily imagined. The most interesting part of the sight is that represented in our engraving, when they are just about to start. A very strong rope, secured by a machine on each side, is drawn across the street of the Corso, and up to this each man comes to bring his horse, as close to it as he can might, by the head. The Trastevorin, and many of the peasantry in the neighborhood of Rome, are remarkably fine, muscular men; and as they generally go to work with their arms and necks bare, as they have been accustomed to maintain a struggle of downright strength with their animals, the action of their limbs and muscles, and other circumstances, offer a model of attitude for the artist or painter. Though there are no riders, human life is more endangered in these than in our races Sometimes the horses manage to get loose, and run away before the Corso is cleared of people, in which and in several other cases, serious accidents are always most to be dreaded.

When matters are ready, a troop of dragoons set off from the other end of the Corso, and go at full gallop towards the starting-post, clearing the way: these soldiers then retire, and soon after an office knows a trumpet from a half-pay retired one to the spot whence the race is to begin. At the sound of the trumpet, the strong rope stretched across the street drops, the grooms let go their hold, and start the horses like arrows from a bow. The harder they run, the more they are pricked. Some of them have been known to be so wise as to stop, when the motion of the leaden balls, of course, would cease, but generally they run on at mad career, and consequently show excellent mettle and spirit, by racing and biting at each other.

The judge of the race is no less a personage than the Governor of Rome, who stands at a window in the palace of Venice, at which building is the goal winning post, or, as the Romans call it, the *palio de barbari*." A little beyond this palace the street is akut in with a screw of strong canvas, through which the horses are compelled to pass, and the prize contended for as little time as possible, and that his first sergeant had disappeared, and as he had placed great confidence in him, and allowed him free access to his room, he strongly suspected that he was the thief.

The colonel immediately ordered several officers to take different directions in search of the sergeant and the fugitive sergeant. They were soon on his track, though from the start the deserter had of course the best of it, having had but little hope of his arrest. Lieutenant who had been robbed also volunteered to pursue the thief, and mounting his horse took a direct route from the other pursuers. After a long and severe ride, the sergeant was at last overtaken, in the very act, as the lieutenant supposed, of boarding a vessel bound for the United States. His orders and friends all believed him to be a deserter, and he was soon bound and by that of some of the desperate characters who hang about the docks.

The sergeant was brought up for examination. The damning proofs were exhibited to him; the money found in his trunk, and the watch in his pocket; but he was perfectly astounded at being charged with the theft of which he was accused. He declared that he had been robbed by Lieut. T—— of his money, and that he had not touched the watch. Indeed, he had gone many miles his home broke down. He was that contradict and attested.

The sergeant was then confronted with the lieutenant, upon which he declared that he had taken the watch from the person who would believe this lad, who, of the Sergeant, and the fact that not the accused a serious crime, though perhaps who had been over charged with, prevented the few half. He was glory, from interfering in his be officers of justice, Gingly delivered over to the guilty and sent to the place a brief trial was found where he now is.

On the first of October last, as the first division of the American army marching with the enemy city, the force of tiers. Worth was drawn up in line to salute them. One of the officers of the —— infantry, who was standing in front of his company observed, as he thought, a familiar face in the American ranks—it was that of a Colonel of one of their regiments. As the Mexican barring halted for the rear to come up, the American officer left his post, and having locked up an old friend, found that he had approached the Mexican officer and closely observed him. As soon as the Mexican's eye fell upon the face of the two Americans, he was observed to grow deadly pale, and to pull his cap over his eyes and turn away. But the American had seen enough to satisfy them that the fellow was a deserter and other than the renegade. ——, for whom crime a year was now suffering the infamy of imprisonment in the penitentiary of Missouri. An inspection of the Mexican military roll, and inquiry among the Mexican officers, confirmed the truth of the personal observation of our officers.

We understand that this evidence will be laid before the Executive, for the purpose of obtaining a commutation of the punishment of the unfortunate Sergeant, the victim of the infamous treachery and villany of that base officer, who, in the course of having disgraced his country's uniform and betray ed its confidence, stole the eternal infamy of the particolle and the traitor.—*N. O. Delta.*

ANTIQUITIES.

We saw yesterday, a Philadelphia directory, published by Francis Hall, of the year 1785. Though but a day in the age of nations, the period which has since elapsed, has marked many changes in our fair city. Not only has the population, but its progress in the useful arts, have made rapid strides towards the goal of its destiny. We can imagine the surprise which the publisher of this relic would have heard a prediction even hinting at the manner in which his work was to be applied. Thinking of these things, we turned to the F's of course, and found the first line running that ——

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We like the yew-tree which some good people have for hundreds of these old relics. It is a tree which might be less profitably spent, they call to mind our infancy as a people, and gladden us at our progress."—*Pennsylvanian.*

ABD-EL-KADER.

Abdel-Kader in little being not more than five feet high, his face long, and of very sallow complexion, his large black eyes are mild and careening, his mouth small and graceful, his beard scanty, and beard in thin, but very black. He wears a small moustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and handsome, a martial and determined expression. The ensemble of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. M. Bazaine has told me that Abd-el-Kader, since his captivity, has learned by heart the Koran, and the " Lunet," on the captain's state-room, on seeing the portrait of a woman in the Illustrated London News, exclaimed, "There is Abd-el-Kader!" Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and his whole person is neat and graceful in its manner. He is always washing them. While conversing, especially upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers, or, if the position fatigues him, he begins to pare the bottom of the nails with a knife and scissors, of which the number of pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he has constantly in his hands. He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. He wears a white burnous or each-colory upon his kerseue or cloak. He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are trimmed with a silken stripe. Next to his skin he conses his Arabian covering of very thin wool, such as a stranger over the head and shoulders. He throws over the head a white muslin kerchief of wool, and upon the two white burnous a black one. He rolls his cords are not only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle. His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head-dress is composed of two or three fresh caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the white burnous.—*Les Mondes' Captivity among the Arabs.*

Fun and Frolic.

TAKEN A HINT.—A young lady told a gentleman that her silver thimble was nearly worn out, and asked him what reward she ought to have for her industry. The gentleman, in answer, said her a new thimble the next morning, accompanied by these lines:

" I send a thimble for fingers needle,
Which I hope will fit when you try;
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FARMERISM.—An apprentice in Baltimore complained to a magistrate, that his master was starving him.

" Indeed! what does he give you to eat?"

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WELL ANSWERED.—A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was much given to bracketing the witnesses, asked him what distance he was standing from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter replied, " just five feet four inches and a half."

" Pray that, fellow," said the counsel, " how is it possible that you can be so exact as to the distance?"

" I thought," said the carpenter, " that *some feet or other* might set me, so I measured it."

How TO BE UP.—Punch says: " To reconcile a drowned Yankee—sprinkle him with rum."

" To reconcile a drowned Englishmen—broil a piece of beef-steak under his nose."

A Frenchman may be brought to life at any time by the skilful imitation of a bull-frog in his ear."

A Spaniard, by applying a garlic to his effeminates."

CARTER RILEY.—A servant girl in the town of A., whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows —" By heaven, she's painted!"

" Yes, sir, and by heaven only!" she very quietly replied, turning round.

The officer blushed and apologized.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—One of our young bloods dining at a fashionable hotel a few weeks since was requested by a gentleman to pass some astete of food which was near him.

" Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite.

" No, sir, I mistook you for a gentleman," was the prompt reply.

A QUERY.—Teddy, my boy, just guess how many chances there are in this ere bag, an' faith, I'll give you the whole five."

" Five, to be sure,"

" Arrah, by my soul! bad luck to the man that could ye!"

TAKE MY HAT.—At a recent concert in one of the Southern cities, a lady performer was hailed with a shower of bouquets, and among them a "shocking bad hat," was thrown upon the stage by its owner, with the exclamation: " You can take my hat."

WITTY YOUNG LADY.—A young lady was accosted by a clergyman in a lane when going to church, and asked her why she did not go across the fields? Upon which she replied, " They were too stile ish for her."

Beautiful Poem.

THE MOURNER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

I here laid thee down, my beautiful,
Where our forefathers rest;
I here bright the daisies all over to twine
Above thy quiet breast.
The children then laid we, one heard
Beside thy place of sleep;
But thy living heart was the still—
We knew not—we knew.

Oh, then set happier in thy rest,
And still as done to me;
No clouds there ever came
For thee the summer day is past,
The hour of our sorrow done,
The troubled heart hath peace at last,
The humble head, a crown.

I have not lonely at my task,
I have not felt alone;
The memory of thy soul, sweet smile,
Around my spirit has shone
The thought, perchance thy watchful eye
Was lingering o'er me then,
Hath still my heart, and hush'd to rest
The waves of earthly care.

Oft then through all life's stormy sea,
Be with me to the end.
My guardian and my comforter,
My angel and my friend.
And when the hour of death's past,
When sinks my day in night—
Be thou the welcoming step that leads
My soul to endless light.

Selected Articles.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING JOURNAL.

I believe some of the correspondents of the *Journal* have communicated anecdotes illustrative of the sagacity of dogs and other animals, and I will now contribute a few. Not only is a sense of right and justice, and a power to reason, manifested by many animals, but they possess much of the moral sentiments, and by places which they donate, we found the following ——

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a sober that he would stare *all last church. Such* a dogs as Tiger; could be dispensed upon. He had but one master, and all *that* of human kind he scorned. He would go to bet one church—neither Rome nor Athens had any charms for him. Four and Tiger's neither faithful heart nor crabbed temper could save you from the dooring of dogs. I never hope (as I remember some of your early dealings with me, I cannot refrain from adding, I never wish) to see your like again.

Agricultural.

HEN ROOSTS.—HEN LICE, &C.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Messrs. Editors:—Little regard seems to be paid to the situat on of roosting places for hens. Some farmers have no particular place at all, but rather prefer to look out for themselves. While others are paying more attention to the subject, fit up places in their stables, hog-houses, and the like. I will here throw out a few hints, (by way of advice) to my brother farmers, more especially to those of inexperience, and of fine soil; pulverize and mix them thoroughly; rub the hams well all over, particularly on the flesh side, and lay them in bunch for 30 or 40 hours, and pack them in casks, adding two quarts of salt to each every eighty lbs. of ham. In this or neighborhood days, they may be hung up to smoke. *Gloucester Co., N. J.* H. M

VALUE OF SMOKE.

The British Quarterly Review contains the following paragraph:

A striking instance of economical talent ever to see Knowledge in the district of Alloa, N. Fred the smelting works of one "house" an arrangement conducive the smoke to an outlet at a distance from the works, in a waste spot, where no one complain of it. The gathering matter or "lime" was the condition of my horse. I inquired of my neighbors what they thought ailed the beast. Some said it was a tumor in his blood; others thought he was troubled with the hoove, while others thought it was nothing more than a sort of Spring fever, and that he would get rid of it after shedding his coat.

Such were some of the views advanced by my neighbors. Each of which would recommend a remedy—many of which I resorted to. Some advised bleeding; some said give him plenty of timothy seed and I actually did turn down the poor animal in the course of two or three weeks, nearly two pounds of salts, and bled freely into the bargain. And what was the result? Why it was that my horse had become so thoroughly drenched and weakened, that he lacked, as the saying is, " as great as a calf's tail. Well, was the horse cured? No, he was actually worse The same biting and rubbing propensities still continued. Something must be done. I began to examine my stable, harness, &c. My mind was soon made up that my horse was lousy. The fact being ascertained I thought it was time to commence operations on the smooth. For the benefit of those who may ever have a similar case, I have relate the course I pursued for their determination.

In the first place, I bought a pound of first rate ping tobacco, and made two boilings of it; had about a half pail full of liquid each time, after a thorough boiling in water. I then applied strong soap suds, and washed the horse, using curry comb and brush, to prepare his skin. To the soap suds I added the liquid. I then applied the tobacco, in the same manner. I did the same with the cow. This was repeated twice in the course of the week. I then awaited the result, which, I had faith to believe, would be favorable. But I was unfortunately disappointed. It seemed to have no lasting effect. I then tried lamp oil, and with no better success. I had almost begun to despair; cold winter was approaching, and my horse was nearly divested of his covering, but hope still brightened. I had one more remedy in view, which if it failed, I had determined to give it up as incurable. I bought a gallon of *N. E. Rum*, and soaked with it, poured from head to tail. I did two days in succession.

reader ! this ! My
——my ! ——my ! was cured, let no man hereafter say, that N. E. Rum is good for nothing. It will kill him live as well as human beings.

The first thing I did after this was to remove my horse. I then re-lathed the " hen roost," and horse stable, with scalding water, and applied a good coat of white-wash, since which time I have discovered no signs of lice, albeit my horse is sleek. A few words to those who keep hens, and I have done. Build your hen roost a good distance from your barn. Keep it well supplied with ashes and old mortar, and your hens will not be troubled with lice. ALBERT TODD.

Smithfield, R. I. Nov. 1846.

POTATO DISEASE.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Messrs. Editors—As I have observed of late that there has been much speculation upon the subject of the potato disease, I have thought that I would give you my opinion in relation to the subject, as what I believe to be the cause and the origin of the disease. I at first believed that the rot was occasioned by an insect; I therefore took much pains the last season to ascertain the fact.

I was unsuccessful in my attempts until the latter part of the season, when on pouring through my potato fields, I discovered a small black speck upon the plant, which I found, upon my near approach, proved to be a small insect. I then made search for my carcase, and by carefully approaching the plant. I was able to view the insect with the glass, which proved to be a very small black bug. I also found that he fed upon the green part of the leaf, leaving the fibre.

The leaf being attacked by night or ten of these bugs would soon be divested of all the green part leaving, as I have said, nothing but the fibre.

I also found that by the loss of the green part of the leaf, the stem became overcharged with sap, causing it to wilt, die, and finally fall from the top of stalk.

The stalk thus being divested of all its leaves would, like the stem of the leaf, become overcharged with sap, die, and finally entirely dry up. The stalk being gone, the roots, like the stalk, have not much sap before it had arrived at maturity, and hence the rot.

I would further state, that being in the neighborhood of Portland a few days after I made this discovery of the bug in my fields, I there took occasion to examine some of the fields, and there found the same bug destroying the plants as on this place.

Now I think if the farmers and others interested will particularly watch until another year, they will be sure to their satisfaction the true origin or cause of the potato disease, and I hope that they will have greater cause to complain of the power of this smallest of insects, as I found after this discovery, that I had not rendered his acquaintance to the potato plant, but had also made his appearance upon the grape vine, and other plants of the kind. OLIVER M WARREN.

Legrell, Nov. 23, 1846.

RIDDLE

My *first*, although 'tis undermining,
My *second* helps in ordering,
And prince and peasant will reveal,
That each does feel and fear and feel
My *c ond*, it must be confess'd,
Is common to all creatures.
My whole has power to end all strife,
And can deprive you of your life.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A lady was asked her age, who replied thus:

" My age, if multiplied by three,
And then to be be the cube root thereof,
The square root of sum minus of that cube root
Now tell my age if you can."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is grass like a horse?

Why are sheep in a fold like a handsome letter?

Why are two laughing gals like the wings of a chicken?

Of what trade is the sea?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA
SATURDAY EVENING POST

ENIGMA.
TRANSCRIPT—EXCHANGE

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
13 cent 6 cents

RIDDLE
Ice

CONUNDRUMS.
Its ruin—RUIN
THAT BOOK BETTER IF, on the former.
A SCHEME.
MIND DAISY.

CURING HAMS.

As the season for slaughtering our cattle and hogs, and putting them in the cellar for family use, is at hand, the manner of curing beef, pork and hams is important to every housekeeper. We take it for granted that every one knows that a curing of salt, the main point is to put in a great abundance of good salt. There need be no fear applying too much. If not required in curing meat, it will remain in the rush, and is as good as ever to be applied again. In curing beef, salt should be used more sparingly. Not the of fine salt; but coarse or saltpeter, one and a quarter lbs. of saltpeter, make a good proportion of ingredients for the of beef. In twenty-four hours a pickle that will bear an egg and wide, should be applied. Dry beef should remain in the pickle about ten days. Hams should be rubbed well all over, particularly on the flesh side, and laid in bunch for 30 or 40 hours, and pack them in casks, adding two quarts of salt to each every eighty lbs. of ham. In this or neighborhood days, they may be hung up to smoke. *Gloucester Co., N. J.* H. M

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RECEIPTS.

—Boil a quart of milk with
larify an ounce and a half of
to the milk, add fine white sugar
oonful of fine salt, and flavor w
or orange flower water. Let
if well, then have ready pu
cold water, and strain the blan
coarse, white muslin into the
perfectly cold.
of almonds pounded to a paste
rds with the isinglass is remarka
by some.
may be flavored with vanilla
been in the milk; when sufficie
the bean, rinse it in cold wat
keep it to use again.
cinnamon sticks in the milk
ater.

-Mawes.—Put a pint of cl
ton-s stewpan; mix it with
ar and set it over the fire, and
to boil; sweeten and flavor it a
r; then set into a pan of col
the mixture until nearly cold
ing; when it begins to thicken

ane Mawes.—Put into a mou
ne-mange two inches deep, let
y calf, then, having colored anot
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, put the same depth of this m
ld, more of the white, and whi
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must be most unhealthy stuff

The Olio.

MORALITIES.

n see, and takes himself to be s
comes to limp the ditch finds he

nything if you will only have pa
may be carried in a purse, if yo
ll it freezes.

e little that I have seen of the
of the history of mankind, fearles
their errors in motive, not to exter
history of one poor heart that ha
loved, and repented to myself th
emptations it passed through; th
of joy; the feverish impatience
the tears of regret; the feeblenes
pressure of want; the desertion o
ste of the world, that has little
solation of the soul's sanctuary and
es within; health gone; happiness
fain leave the erring soul of my br
Him from whose hands it came

—An individual conducting a paper
will read enough to fill his paper
week. He publishes that portion
e most important, and which he
eptable and serviceable to his fellow

ENGS.—By substitution of the chan
of the Mount Pleasant State prison
Family spent the last Thanksg
institution. Their singing is said
e happiest effect upon the prisoners

SWEAT GUN.—Take as much shot
ficient for two gun loads, put them
mmon oil, and it will become as rus

The Riddler.

RAPHICAL ENIGMA.

d of 15 letters.
is a County in Pennsylvania.
is a River in Maine.
14, is a Lake in New Hampshire
13, 8, 15, is one of the United States
1, 7, 9, 13 is one of the British Islands
6, 4, is a Town in Georgia.
, is a County in Illinois.
, 7, is a County in Ohio.
is a County in North Carolina.
10, is a Town in Massachusetts
the name of an American statesman.

RIDDLE

t, although he undermining,
rmitted in refining;
ince and peasant will reveal,
each from it great comfort feel.
ond, it must be confined,
ere to secure to rest;
ode has power to end all strife,
degrees you of your life.

METICAL QUESTION.

ked her age, who replied thus:
, if multiplied by three,
oths of that product tripled be,
e root of two ninths of that is four
my age or never see more.

CONUNDRUMS.

like a master?
p in a fold like a handsome letter?
laughing girls like the wings of a

in the sun?

TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
SUNDAY EVENING POST.

ENIGMA.
PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
15 feet 4 inches.

RIDDLE.
Cask.

CONUNDRUMS.
1. THREE SIDES.
2. WHICH ESTIMATE IS, OR HIS TONGUE.
3. WOMAN.
4. EARTH.